

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
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M A N WITH THE SEALSKIN PANTS.

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In great delight the other night,
I went to attend a raffle,
For an eight-day balloon 'round as the moon,
My heart was aglow,
There was crooked eared gals and flat nosed boys,
With their cousins and sisters and aunts,
Trying to flirt with a bowlegged clerk,
That wore the sealskin pants.

CHORUS.

He wore the pants, the sealskin pants,
The pirate of penzance,
He was a lardy dah, ha, ha,
The man with the sealskin pants.

There was pitchers of beer for each one there,
Which made them all so frisky,
Some drank ale from an old tin pail,
While others the drank whiskey,
During the grand in the Boston dip,
He put all the girls in a trance,
His glass eye fell out, and they all did shout,
At the man with the sealskin pants.

He wore the sealskin, &c.

Mary Ann O'Brien was cooking the tea,
When she heard an awful bellah,
They bit this quack a whack on the back,
That turned his eye-balls yellah,
O'Hoolahan cried to the top of his voice,
Stand back and give me a chance,
Out the third-story dwelling they lower'd him yelling,
The man with the sealskin pants.

He wore the sealskin, &c.

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